

Correspondence Column

In the Sunny South

Dear Editor:—In to-day's Times-Dispatch I saw Lyra Ransom's "Welcome to the Rhody's," and appreciate it very much. We like Lyra, and are always glad to read her letters. I have just returned from a trip through Georgia, where I went to help my dad take depositions. Dad didn't mean for me to go farther than Piles, but when we got there dad just couldn't go on with out me. Cholly said when I went out of here "wid dat big white cotton on, right den he know I wouldn't show myself back hyah till I done seed Georgia," and sure enough I didn't. I had a great time in Georgia, saw cotton growing. They have had bad weather in Georgia as well as we. They say their corn is usually up by this time, but some of the farmers there haven't planted a furrow. We brought back oranges, pineapples, strawberries, grapefruit and tomatoes that grew in Florida. We had bananas, and grapes, too, in our basket. Then we had some friends to enjoy them with us. When we passed through Knoxville we went to see brother Lambert and Mary Gladys. Mary Gladys used to be my sweetheart when they lived here. She is five years old now, and I still mean to keep her. At Bristol I went to see Aunt Laura, and at Asheville I went to see Aunt Lucy and Cousin Annie May. I had a good time all the way, but I thought, as did old Farmer, the best part of it was getting home again. As soon as I had kissed all and found how they did, I ran to the barn to see if Cholly had taken good care of Rebel and George. Your friend,
Independence, Va. RALPH RHODY.

Enjoyed Measles!

Dear Editor:—I have not written for quite a while, but will send a few lines to let you know I haven't forgotten our dear club. I enclose a little poem I have just written. Hope it is good enough for the page, and perhaps if I'm very, very good you may give me a prize. Emma has been sick in bed for two weeks. She got her prize Saturday. Ralph Rhody, we've all had measles, not very bad, you know, and we had so much hot lemonade. Mother was generous with sugar, that I think we really enjoyed. No more for this time. Your loving member,
P. S. I am anxiously looking for my prize. It has not come.
CATHERINE TEMPLE LYNCH.

The Same Catherine Lynch.

Dear Editor:—I write to let Eleanor M. Ingram know that I am the same Catherine Temple Lynch that was up at Belle Monte one summer ago. I am glad that she remembered me. I hope that she will like the T. D. C. C. as well as I do. Thanking you and the Editor, I remain the same,
CATHERINE TEMPLE LYNCH.
132 W. Main Street.
P. S. I am anxiously looking for my prize. It has not come.

What Jeannette Thinks.

Dear Editor:—In this warm weather just delightful? I am enjoying it, and hope every one else is, too. I read your letter, and I think it is only fair to give the new members a chance and to encourage them by printing their articles. I hope they will enjoy their work as much as I have. With best wishes,
JEANNETTE WOLCOTT FREEMAN.

Hitchhike Up Old Sadie.

Dear Editor:—I did not write you in a long time, and I guess I had better tell you about "hitchhike up" old Sadie. One day Albert Hall and Dave Day came up here and we hitched up the horse papa got from Young Edwards. We call her old Sadie. To Job and Ralph's car. We got on and started. When we got to the gate the cart broke down and we had to fix it again. When we got it fixed we went to the store. When we got up the road a place doubled up. When we got old Sadie stopped thought we had better go home and see what the subject. Your member,
JIM TED RHODY.

Charlie, Ellis and the Cols.

Dear Editor:—I will tell you about riding the cobs. Saturday Charlie and Ellis R. R. rode George and Rex. Charlie put his foot in the stirrup and before he could get into the saddle George jumped and started off, and dragged Charlie across the road in the mud. Charlie got on him though, and rode him. If the cobs don't mind him and do as he wants them to, Charlie calls them "a sounder" and "low-down chaps." Charlie said he would "hitch-down chaps" to a wagon, den dey wouldn't run up and see so bretty." Carl Hall, Dave Day and I caught up my cobs, Rebel, and took them riding him. Your member,
ROB ROY RHODY.

Won the Banner.

Dear Editor:—I was glad to see my contributions in print. Included is another picture, which I hope to see in our paper. Our school debated against Barton Heights on the subject, "Should Women Vote?" and won the banner. Of course, I was very glad. I know you are enjoying this lovely weather. I and I hope it will continue to be so. I read "Curry of Eagle's Nest," and thought it "Mohnu," by the same author. We had an interesting paper this week. I think, sincerely,
LYRA VIRGINIA RANSON.
Masonic Home, City.

FREDDY'S DREAM.

Little Freddy had a dream one night about a bear. He dreamed that he and Maggie came across one in the woods. It seemed a mild, nice kind of bear, and Freddy gaily mounted his back and laid hold of his long, black ears. It was very queer, but the ears began to grow big like two pumpkin leaves, bigger like two table covers. They began to flap when they began to grow, and the bigger they grew the more they flapped. They flapped like Freddy's face and all over him, and at last they wrapped him up from head to foot. But it was only Brother Jack coming to wake him, and had covered him up with a quilt.
Selected by EDNA WALTHER.
2221 Beverly Street, City.

DOCTOR CHARLIE.

Mamma Jenny's little girl is very sick, so very sick that she has to be given two kinds of medicine every ten minutes—one kind from the washbasin and one kind from the ink bottle. She has caught measles and mumps, and whooping cough and scarlet fever all together. Her mamma was very worried, and she covered her up with a tablecloth and sent for Doctor Charlie.
Doctor Charlie said she must keep right on taking ink and soapuds, and that he would call once in ten minutes all day. As the ink was made of berry juice the child got well.
Selected by NORMA WALTHER.
2221 Beverly Street, City.

TWO DOG FRIENDS.

Tray and Rover were great friends. Their master's were near neighbors, and they saw each other every day. Rover was a gay young dog, full of fun and frolic, but Tray was older and wiser. When they walked together Rover was always getting into scrapes because he was so full of mischief. He would chase somebody's piggy into a tree and get stoned by the owner, or he would jump upon some big, cross dog, who would turn around and bite him. One day he teased and worried even his good Tray until he lost all patience and boxed Rover's ears; but they were soon friends again.
Selected by ANNIE WALTHER.
2221 Beverly Street, City.

MARCH WINDS.

The March winds were blowing hard. And every tree was swaying; Not many were out upon the streets, Not even the children playing.

But all at once there came a blast That knocked down tree and post, And everything was damaged. But the lighthouse along the coast. (Original)
By JOHN G. ROBERTS.

Editorial And Literary Department

To-Morrow, April First, In the Festival of Fools

Dear Girls and Boys: To-morrow is April Fool's Day, and I hope you will all have a merry time over it. It is a good thing to laugh and take each opportunity for fun—to find the bright side of life always. The first day of April has been "Fool's Day" for a long time. Formerly, at courts and in great houses, there was always among the dependents the fool or jester, whose quips and jokes won a privileged position for the joker. Arranged in motley attire, with a cap and bells, the fool, with his grimaces, his capers and his ready wit, was altogether at home among kings, princes, courtiers and beautiful ladies. Names of court fools specially enlisted in their day have survived to the present day. Their sayings and their histories make very interesting pages in history. To-morrow, then, is the festival of fools or jesters, and in honor of it you may play pranks and laugh as much as you like for laughter comes easily to the lips of boys and girls.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Hannah; Matthews, Percy; Amos, Emma; Smith, Edith; Bennett, Rosella; Murray, Helene; Bohannon, W. W.; Melton, Robert M.; Briel, Pauline; Melton, James R.; Blackburn, Carrie; Moore, Mary B.; Booker, Allen C.; Buckner, Warren N.; Beverly, Cedric S.; Barrow, Sarah V.; Bohannon, M. W.; Blankenship, Cecil; Bradshaw, D. H.; Chadwick, N. H.; Clay, Alice B.; Cox, Thomas; Collins, Florence; Collins, Nellie S.; Carter, Shirley; Davis, Grace L.; Dunn, T. H.; Dunkum, Mary; Digs, Myrtle; Du Val, Irene; Dickinson, Lottie; Elder, Gertrude; Elder, Carrie G.; Franklin, J. F.; Ford, Aubrey; Freeman, J. W.; Fox, Edith L.; Henly, Rod; Hoffman, Philippa; Houghton, Charles; Hancock, Althea; Jackson, Laurabelle; Wadler, Edna; Kennedy, Mortimer; Walther, Norma; Lynch, C. T.; Walther, Annie; Murphy, Milton; Zacharias, W.

SPECIAL PRIZE WINNERS.

Curtis G. Elder, Brookneal, Va., for his "March Winds" picture and puzzle.
Miss Irene Du Val, Hill Vista, Va.
Warren N. Murray, 33 South Union Street, Petersburg, Va.
Miss Page Palmore, 600 Fifth Avenue, Highland Park, etc.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A WILD GOOSE.

All little boys and girls know that the home of the wild geese is in the North, but that they spend the winters in the South; so you will know that a good part of my time is spent traveling.

I had been back and forth from North to South several times, and was never disturbed until last year, when I was on my way home. There were nine of us in the flock, and as we were passing over the Southern part of the country, we began to see crowds of hunters. One of them shot at us, but did not strike us. This made us think there was no danger in a gun, only to find out different the following morning, when we saw two more hunters. We were near the shore when we first saw them, so there was no chance of getting out of their reach. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the guns, and four of us fell to the earth. Three were killed and I was severely wounded.

The men took me to their home and a little boy asked his father if he might try to make me well again. I was given to him and he doctored me so well that my wounds were soon healed.

I had a very pleasant home, and was well satisfied until, few days ago, when another flock of geese flew over and called to me to join them. The temptation was so great that I could not resist, so I said farewell to the kind little boy, and am now flying away to my home in the North.

By IRVING DU VAL.
Rio Vista, Va. Box 16.

SPRING AT CURT'S NECK.

Spring at Curt's Neck, where I live, is the prettiest time of the year. One of the first signs I notice as I ride along the road near a marshy place is the queer song or croak of the tiny frogs, called peepers.

They usually sing first in a small pond with pussy willows all around it. But the real singing is the first time after they first sing, and I know that spring has not quite come. Another sign is the bluebirds, with their merry chirp, as they fly from tree to tree.

Then comes the green grass and clover, the chickadees, and the pretty wild flowers, such as the saxifrage, violets, johnie-jump-ups and the beautiful wood pansies.

When the weather grows warmer and the wind begins to appear, the river in front of the house is dotted with fishermen's boats, in which the men are casting out their nets and hauling in the fish.

By this time the trees are beautiful with the different shades of green, and when the leaves on the oak trees are as large as a mouse's ear the farmers begin to plant corn, the men and mules are busy in the fields, the lambs are skipping in the pastures,

THE WINDS OF MARCH.



"Such a Day!"

Such a day! cried Helen as she came out the front door and gingerly stepped on the pavement just in time for Mr. March wind to whirl around the corner and blow her hat onside.

I think I shall need two hats today instead of one," she remarked dryly as she held on to her hat with one hand. Mr. March wind was blowing fiercely, and as Helen determinedly kept on down the street she began to think that she was the only one getting the benefit of it, as it blew her skirts frantically and tried its best to carry her hat away, when she glanced up just in time to see a certain dignified gentleman frantically reaching for his hat, which had been blown off with a whirl as he turned the corner, while the wind blew under his feet with such violence that he became horrified at his precarious position and let his hat go, but, as Yluc would have it, a small boy rescued it out of a gutter for him, and soon the embarrassed but dignified gentleman continued his walk down the street without any further mishaps.



A Certain Dignified Gentleman. Soon Helen reached her friend's home, and we shall leave the March wind to seek new victims.
Composed by ALTHEA HANCOCK.
Hamlet, N. C.

The children are playing in the yards, and all rejoice in the glorious spring-time.
JEANNETTE W. FREEMAN.
Cotman, Va.

N. B.—This story leads to-day, both home and school, to the story of the gift of the good old fairy. The gift of the good old fairy was always a trusty gold.
But if a ditcher, or a fisher, Or spinner, or child so gay, Bought jewels or wine or silk so fine, Or asked his pleasure at play, The fairy gold in his eye would Would turn to a lump of clay.

So, by and by the people Got open their stupid eyes; We must learn to spend to some good end.

They said, "If we are wise Tis not in the gold we waste or hold That a golden blessing lies."
GERTRUDE EBEL.
1858A West Grace Street, Richmond.

GENERAL HOWE.

I. During the Revolutionary War General Howe told the lady with whom he boarded to put the children to bed early, and for her to go to bed early also, as he was going to have company. He said he would lock the house.

At 7 o'clock she put the children to bed. She then came downstairs to wait for General Howe. After letting him and his friends in the house she pretended to go to bed, but did not go to bed; she only blew out the candle. She thought something was going on downstairs. An hour after, General Howe knocked at the door, but no answer came, so he left the door open and returned to the British officers.

After Howe left the door the landlady pulled off her slippers, crept downstairs on tiptoe until she came to the room the soldiers were in. Putting her ear to the door she could hear the conversation easily.

(To be continued.)
By ELISE WAILLAU.

Sulphur was discovered in the southwestern part of the State in 1855 while



drilling a well for oil, although it was not known until after the Civil War, when several unsuccessful attempts were made to sink a shaft to the sulphur deposits. It is the largest sulphur mine in the world, the sulphur production of Sicily coming from some 700 mines.

In 1870 a French company began work on a large scale, but after much expense, with little success, it was abandoned. A year later another attempt was made to work this mine, which also failed.

Finally a Mr. Herman French, a scientist, who had some years before this invented a process for desulphurizing Lima oil, made an attempt to work this mine, against the advice and judgment of several other companies, which had failed, but his plan worked, which had failed, but his plan worked, which had failed, but his plan worked.

WARREN N. MURRAY.
33 South Union Street, Petersburg.

THE WISE FAIRY.

Once in a rough, wild country. On the other side of the sea, There lived a dear little fairy And her home was in a tree. A dear little, queer little fairy, And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward She could overlook the land, And that was why she had her house In a tree, you understand. For she was the friend of the friendless, And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women Patiently, day by day, Spinning, spinning and spinning Their lonesome lives away, She would hide in the flax of their distaffs A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor ditchers, Knee-deep in some wet pike, Digging, digging and digging To their very graves, helike, She would hide a shining lump of gold Where their spades would be sure to strike.

And when she saw poor children Their goats from the pastures take, Or saw their milking and milking Till their arms were ready to break, What a splashing in their milking pails Her gifts of gold would make!

Sometimes in the night a fisher Would hear her sweet low call, And all at once a salmon of gold Right out of his net would fall; But what I have to tell you is the Strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher or fisher, Or child, or spinner old Bought shoes for his feet or bread to eat, Or a coat to keep from the cold, The gift of the good old fairy Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or a fisher, Or spinner, or child so gay, Bought jewels or wine or silk so fine, Or asked his pleasure at play, The fairy gold in his eye would Would turn to a lump of clay.

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(To be continued.)
By ELISE WAILLAU.

Puzzle Department

Find the Man.



The March wind has blown his hat off.
Curtis G. Elder.

A Well-Known Saying.



What sayin? EDITH L. FOX.
R. F. D. No. 3, Box 61, Seven Pines Road.

Proverb and States Puzzle.

No. 1.

What old saying does this represent?

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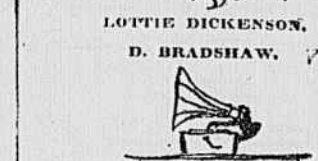
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